

FATHER KNOWS BEST

"gerry," gunther says, "i'm afraid my son will never come to me for advice again. he was just hanging around the house doing acid, so i told him, "look, the cold war is over — it's the perfect time to join the army ... and a month later, saddam invades kuwait."

SWEET 'N LOW

the barmaid with the ultra-trim body and frizzy hair who by virtue of sun, diet, exercise, perhaps an occasional surgical tuck here and there, and a healthy attitude toward fun, looks about fifteen years younger than she almost certainly is,

purrs, "you ready for another yet, hon'?"

god it sounds good to be called that.
god it makes me feel good. god it helps to make the generally fucked-up day fade into ancient history.

god i hope it's a few more years before the feminators de-feminize the barmaids.

A REFRESHINGLY HAPPY DEPRESSIVE

"aren't you ever depressed?" the aging bar-girl asks him.

"yes," he replies, "i'm depressed right now: both of my girlfriends are out of town for the week."

A COMMERCIAL FOR DIE-HARD BATTERIES

this famous serial killer used to drink beer with us at the gold rush tavern.
i mean, he wasn't actually famous yet, and i'm not even sure he had commenced his serial killings, but after he was arrested with his sixty-ninth victim in the passenger's seat, we all remembered his having been there afternoons, after work, just like the rest of us at the horseshoe end of the bar.

i don't remember him well at all.
he was a nondescript sort of guy.
i don't remember him as appearing
dangerous, certainly not in comparison
with the rest of the clientele.

i think i remember him being part of
a couple of large and long-lasting games
of liars' poker, but maybe i'm inventing
that to insinuate myself closer to a celebrity.

i guess he killed mostly males between the ages
of fourteen and twenty-five, a lot of them
were marines, a lot of them were hitchhikers.
he would drug them, then tie them up and have his
cruel way with them. his victims tended
to end up with a mouthful of their
own sexual parts. i guess there are very
few good ways to die, but there certainly
must be better ways.

i was in my early thirties at the time
and probably not his type.
still, i'm glad i never had to
bum a ride home with him.

THEY HAVE VERY TINY, NEARLY INVISIBLE BARF-BAGS

"did you know," she tells me, "that everytime
a fly lands to feed, it vomits?"

"oh," i say, "and to think i was taking it
as a criticism of my sherry."

A CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT

yesterday, after a committee meeting
in the dean's office, i forgot my jacket
and left it locked in there over the back
of a chair. it would stay there overnight.

fortunately i hadn't left anything in the
inner or outer pockets of the jacket except
my reading glasses, a flap of di-gel, and
a clump of long-expired booger-rags.

still i stayed up late last night getting
drunk and making a list of all the things
i thanked god i hadn't left in the pockets
of that jacket, for instance: